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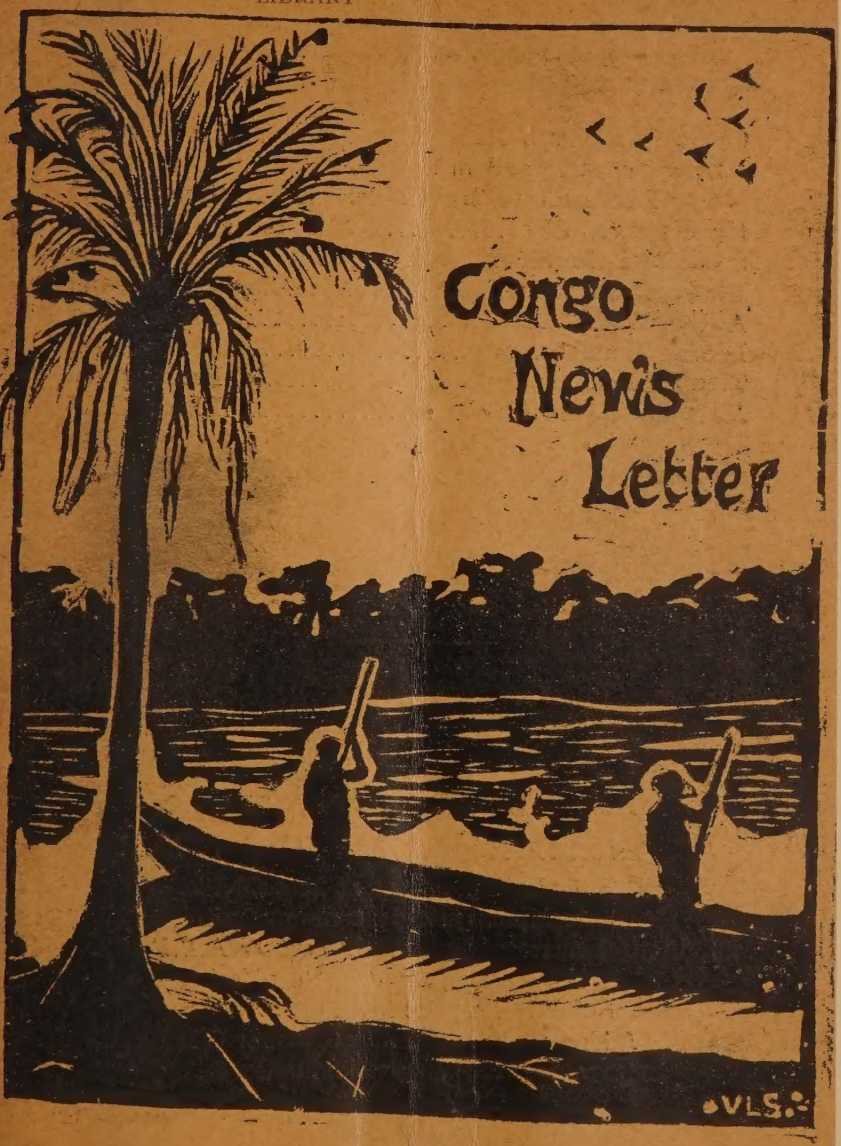

October 1938

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CONGO INITIATION

As the "Leopoldville" turned from the ocean into the mouth of the Congo River I sat in rapt attention watching the shore line to catch the first glimpse of the land that was to be my home. Soon it began to grow dusk. As the sun set it emblazoned the entire valley in a reddish bronze tint giving me one of the most inspiring colorful views that I have seen. It was a beautiful welcome to Congo

The train was an improvement on the tales that had been told me about it, however I was glad when we arrived at Kimpese. I was partly scared and partly happy to meet the folks there. It was almost as bad as meeting the Board for the first time. I wanted to meet them, yet I was scared of their first impression. They really are kind sympathetic people, and not the terrifying personages that I had pictured during the last minutes of the train ride. The first chapel service at Kimpese will always live in my mind. That group of young men clean cut and intelligent was certainly one of the great witnesses of the power of God in the lives of men. They were so different from the natives we had seen at

Dakar and Lobito.

Perhaps you also remember your first ride over a Congo road. I suppose that it wasn't in a nice Chevrolet truck. Even in a Chevrolet truck my opinion of it could be greatly improved. Apart from the stories that Mrs. Geil told me the nicest part of the trip was when we had to wait for the men to repair a bridge. To me it was fun, at least since Mr. Geil took all the responsibility. If I had been alone I would have fretted and fumed while waiting impatiently for the men to decide to put two poles across the small stream. Mary Bonar and Mildred Tice had a warm welcome and a delicious dinner all ready for us. Every meal that I had for those first two weeks was a real treat. I had forgotten that one could really enjoy eating. American cooking is certainly the best.

Going from Banza Manteke to Sona Bata I wondered what new experiences would meet me there. Perhaps there were new experiences but the outstanding event was a weinner roast. What fun sitting around the fire singing old songs and telling stories!

As we boarded the train going to Leopoldville for the Conference, we found one section given over to missionaries. At first I thought it was a group of immigrants with lunch baskets, thermos bottles, water bottles, pillows and numerous bags. I thought how shocked some of my friends would be to see a group of dignified people traveling like that. Necessity breaks down all barriers. I enjoyed the lunch baskets and thermos bottles as much as the rest. It is the wise people who take all possible portable comforts on that Congo express.

The Conference! What can I say to describe my

feelings. It was a constant meeting of new and interesting people, forming new friendships, hearing problems discussed which were new to me, with varied and once in a while opposing solutions given. It was a rich experience and full of value for a new comer. The most valuable result in my own life was the vision of so many opportunities for advancement and growth in the Congo Church. In the states we often hear, "Oh, the work is almost finished on the foreign field, there is no more need of missionaries". I wish that those people could have been at that Conference. Great things have been accomplished. God has blessed the work abundantly but the task is not finished.

After our own conference, when difficult problems had been prayed through and we had rejoiced with Vanga over God's gracious outpouring of His Spirit, we were all willing to separate to the tasks and opportunities awaiting us.

The Conference was inspirational and helpful but my happiest experience came the last of July. Mr. and Mrs. Lanoue invited me to go with them to one of the villages for the weekend. We arrived at the village about two o'clock in the afternoon. Leaving our food, beds and trunks we took the village teacher and started to visit neighboring villages. It seemed that we passed a village every mile or two. The style of suit for the young boys in those villages quite intrigued me. They take one piece of cloth, swing it around them, tie it behind their neck and lo it covers them. There seems to be just as much of a trick to that as the way the mothers swing their babies to their backs. Most natives that I have seen have flat noses. I

wonder if there is any connection between that and the way the babies bump their noses into the mother's back every step she takes. I should think they would have broken noses and also broken backs and necks. As they grow up their necks and backs straighten out but their noses seem to remain a bit flat.

That first night in a mud hut! Most of all I was thankful for a mosquito net. As it was, I could hear all sorts of animals crawling around in the thatch over my head and wondered when one would fall on the mosquito net. That was a minor and unimportant incident compared with other things.

One evening there was just a small group for prayer meeting. We all sat around an outdoor fire. It was a splendid meeting and although I understood maybe two words, yet I enjoyed every minute of it. It still thrills me to hear these folks sing, they seem to enjoy it so much. Instead of one man disturbing the meeting by throwing on more fire wood they used several long sticks meeting in center. As the fire burned low, the persons sitting closest to the ends of the sticks just gave them an extra poke.

Saturday afternoon we walked down to the nearest stream for the baptismal service. It was all new to me. At first it seemed rather loud and not too worshipful, but as the Lanoues called to my attention the background of these people it impressed on me the advancement that has been made already. Comparing with our home churches it wasn't quiet and dignified but I'm sure that in their hearts most of them were truly and sincerely giving themselves to Christ.

Sunday, oh, what a day! It was different from

any Sunday I had ever spent. A service at six o'clock, one at eight-thirty and one at ten-thirty. The eight-thirty service I enjoyed to the full. The ten o'clock service I enjoyed until the last hour. When I couldn't understand, or got tired of trying to understand, it was interesting to watch the people. What an assemblage of colors, kitambulas, dresses and shirts. The different ways of shaving heads and the interesting faces. Most of that large group were listening carefully to the sermon. The most interesting group was the youngsters; some bright, some mischievous, some pretty, some cute and some homely. How I longed to be able to talk with them and teach them new songs and tell them new stories.

As we journeyed home, after a late lunch, I became more and more impatient to be at Vanga and begin to know the natives that are to be my folks. Now I'm studying extra hard and waiting impatiently for December.

Eva Shepard

MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN STATION SCHOOLS

Aside from the furniture which may be turned out, the buildings erected or useful trade learned, there is an intrinsic value in woodwork, for instance, which qualifies it as a handmaiden of primary education. Of all nature's products in Congo, wood is the most abundant, most easily manipulated, and the most immediate in the process of transforming barbaric into civilized life.

Once the superficial strangeness of skin, clothes and customs have worn off the primary impact of the

new civilization is theoretical; and the reading, writing and arithmetic have no counterpart in his previous experience. This may be leading our natives to the false conception that the new consists wholly of theoretical manipulations on paper. Surely the repeated queries about the shortage of money betrays something of the sort.

That all riches come primarily out of the soil and secondarily from products drawn therefrom and that no social state of ease can be built up by all becoming teachers or clerks are lessons for 99 percent of the youth to learn. They need, therefore, contemporaneous with this theoretical impact, to take into their hands an object drawn from familiar environment, transform it into a door providing family privacy, or a table promoting hygiene and a sense of dignity, thus bringing them to a realization that many undreamed of elements enter into the new scheme of living for which they propose to fit themselves.

The foundation of a higher standard of living is the production of a transmissable surplus by many individuals. Their habits of wastefulness are against them here. Perspiring over a board to be planed teaches the value of time, and the small piece which formerly was thrown down and left to rot on the ground is seen to have attached now a value.

The value and now absolute necessity of recognizing small differentiations in color, strength, durability, breadth comes out clearly to the boy trying to turn out a fine piece of furniture of uniform wood and non-creaking joints, qualities which determine directly whether it be 15 francs or 10 francs that comes into his personal spending.

To the native the difference between 17 centimeters and 18 centimeters is nothing until he must laboriously plane another board because he did not pay attention to this; likewise the millimeter difference in the diameter of a screw comes home to him after the board has split.

The lurking suspicion of the native that the white man is making a big profit on his toil can easily be dissipated by a system of native consumer's direct contact with native producer, and at the same time give him full opportunity of taking out of the theoretical realm the whole question of wages, hours of work, the calendar, as also providing a thorough testing of the necessity for knowing the metric system or cubic dimensions.

The above is simply my way of presenting my conviction that a shop should be an integral and honorable part of the school system, equipment and consideration. There, regularly, contemporaneously, the imaginings of theory are deflated and the falsitys of conceptions set right.

Actually this is an expensive kind of education but not as expensive as the continued disgust of employers, as well as complaints of missionaries as to the attitudes they find in the black man.

Now that my first impact has likewise been theory let me hasten to indicate some practice. Suppose that a certain station boarding school has never done anything in an industrial way and no money or equipment is on hand, let every missionary who has at any time criticized the attitude of a native, contribute ten dollars a year. With this build up a fund and buy a second hand brick press for 2500 francs.

Explain to school children your long term vision of a better school which will train hands as well as head and heart. Let classes then take turns transporting clay on their own time. Let a mountain of wood be piled up, over a year or two if necessary. With your first small burning which will be poor no doubt, build walls for a large and permanent kiln, do all this with school children at odd times if you cannot afford some morning hours.

Once some few thousand bricks are ready, have various classes in class time examine thoroughly some of the permanent houses on the station, writing essays noting the best house, the square meters it covers, which has the most defects, what poor work was done, what poor handling of materials is evidenced. What they are doing is getting information on how to go ahead now and build themselves a shop which can be the simplest structure imaginable and still serve the purpose. Let some white missionary whose sermons have become a bit dull with the years renew his youth and in his recreation time learn how to lay bricks by just laying them. Build first a little firebox for the tub of the wash boy. Then teach this to your brightest lad, not the one who always gets below 30 in "dictée". This lad and the missionary can now take on a whole class who will rotate in division of labor: potopoto, trowel, level, potopoto, trowel, level.

The upper classes can draw the plans for the shop after having begun with the floor plans of the house in which they are living.

The shop can be built without a stick of lumber if grass roof alone can be afforded at the time, in this case the joints, which take very little cement

should be cemented outside, inside and on top of walls. Boys as young as 10 years can learn this cementing. 12 year olds can learn to lay bricks and 14 year olds to build up corners and arches.

The lumber, ideally, should come first from a tree felled near the building, the pit dug and sawing done at odd times so that the school pass and repass the process for months. By the time the boards are dry enough the building will be ready and they will be cut up for a permanent roof or used to make carpenter's benches.

After these initial planks others can be bought and so piled in the building that left there to dry they are used the while as work benches. This work shop should not be tucked away behind some other building but put in a central place where the school population have ready access and can check up on the work going on there. A system of arches easily accomplishes this and nothing need be locked up except the tools, which should be kept on shelves in a central room. A kind of school spirit should protect the small planks of a boy's work whose progress is continually under the surveillance of all the school.

The way to kill the whole scheme now is to push the less bright boys into this shop work. But rather every scholar large and small should have access to it, a whole class repairing there for a period or more a minimum of twice a week.

The building trades cannot absorb many scholars. But no preacher, teacher or clerk is harmed or retarded by having had some experience with building. In the process he is receiving an education that makes him more appreciative and ready to meet the demands of the new civilization.

MY KNITTING CLASS

When my daughter wrote me about coming out to Congo this summer for a visit, she suggested my bringing along some wool and knitting needles to teach the women to knit.

After my arrival she had told some few that I would teach them to knit if they would like to learn, and immediately they wanted to know when. So we arranged for the next Wednesday, and did they come? So many that I didn't know what to do with them all. Most of them brought their babies, only to be told they could not have them while knitting. So they slipped home and left them with their "ndezis" (small nursemaids). I was very much interested in their colorful dresses. Such bright beautiful combinations, usually made with a low, round neck, which they drop off one shoulder (style). Some of the women were very attractive and alert and learned very quickly.

Of course, I could not talk to them. All I could do was to show them what to do, then say "Umhm" if they did it right, and "no" if they did it wrong. A few learned the first day and wanted to come back in the afternoon. We told them to come the following Wednesday. The next week not so many came and we got along better. Since then those who have been coming have done very nicely and, with help, have made little baby shirts (or sleeveless sweaters).

It has been a joy to have had this little part in brightening the lives of these women of Congo. My regret is that I couldn't have been able to talk to them and encourage them by a word of kindness.

I smiled and hoped they knew I was their friend, even if I was a "dumb" one.

The last day they were so happy to show me their finished little shirts. I entertained them with the victrola for quite a while. Then we all joined hands in a circle and sang "God be with you till we meet again", closing with silent prayer. For I realized that I would never meet these dark sisters again till we would gather at the Master's feet.

A Missionary's Mother

SONA BATA NEWS

News is abundant at Sona Bata because it has been accumulating fast and long.

The Matondo season which just closed last Sunday leaves much to be grateful for. The new church at Kilembika was inaugurated with due pomp and dignity and the music of seven bands. Kifwa was a Matondo de luxe with the whole Sona Bata staff as visitors and a consular party besides. Our most significant Matondo, however, was at Mbamba where we baptized 106. At Nsaka the work among the Bankanu is adolescing so fast we have to keep it throttled down to a job the two teachers can sustain. We have recently finished a new mud church at Kikola, and have now under construction a board church at Bisadi, a grass church at Kinkindu, one of sun-dried mud blocks at Songololo, and at Kasangulu the brick church with the seven-metre tower we have been talking about all year is just having its roof put on now (September 19). When in certain quarters we are faced with indifference or recession we recall some of these facts

and it helps.

A State visitor came to Sona Bata in March and got to know us all; he returned in August and found only the Freases and the Lanoues of the old gang. Sona Bata's floating population has lost Mr. MacDiarmid, Miss Satterberg and Miss Vendla Anderson, all home on furlough, and Dr. Dorothea Witt, now holding down Tondo hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Erickson's return in April is stale news for you, but happy actuality for Sona Bata. We have also welcomed Miss Esther Ehnbom and "Little Eva" Shepard, and Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle with Ruth and Baby Dean, to complete the Sona Bata family.

In bathroom and kitchen the sound of many waters is heard at last. At night, great beams of light shine across the station yards. We have light and water at Sona Bata now. The 3000-Watt Petter outfit gives all the satisfaction we had anticipated. Now our school boys and students can study an hour in the evening; and after our batteries are installed we won't even have to go to bed at ten o'clock.

The Medical School began its semester several weeks ago and makes its exacting demands on all members of the medical staff. Dr. Freas makes his regular monthly visits to Banza Manteke. The doctors are busy with building projects at the leper colony and at the hospital. September 15th, the Boarding School and the Preparatory School opened their doors, and we are all off to a new season's work.

We pause occasionally to live and enjoy it. We had a picnic once at Zongo Falls with Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsz of the American Consulate and the British Consul, Mr. Mason. We had a

few days' visit from Mr. Brown of Vanga and Mr. and Mrs. Atkins of Moanza just after Conference. Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Coxill stopped for a day on their way to or from Leo. Dr. and Mrs. Sheffey, Mr. and Mrs. Townsley, and Mrs. Amie's party all took on water and fuel here for the long trip across Congo. Then there were State men, Leo men, Sanga men — even a "white" tramp, and they all left (or took) their contribution of Sona Bata's happier view of life. And even when we are alone there are ten of us, and two children besides. Stop in next time you go by.

U.A. Lanoue

KIMPESE JOTTINGS

"Kimpese! Kimpese! All off for Kimpese!"

No, there was no conductor calling out the name of the station. In fact there wasn't even a conductor on the train, but just the same eager faces were scanning the road ahead so as to make sure of not going beyond their destination. For many of them it was the first time they had ever been on a train or that they had even been very far away from their ancestral villages. When finally the train drew up at the station of Kimpese what a commotion there was before all of the 150 or more could manage to squeeze thru the doors and get down on the platform. Not being experienced travellers they were all trying to get thru those doors at the same time, carrying their belongings on their heads and their children on their hips, or backs.

And who were the people making up this motley

crowd? They were the advance guard of students arriving for the opening of another school year at Kimpese. The majority of them were first-year students, Freshmen if you please, coming here for the first time to prepare themselves for the Lord's work. They had long heard of Kimpese and were eagerly wondering what the place might look like. This was the consummation of their hopes and longings, yes, and of their prayers, for many years back. How tremblingly they had sat down to the entrance examinations and what a joy was theirs when they were notified that they had passed while many of their friends had failed. And now they were here at last!

What a job before they were all assigned their houses and settled down in what was to be their home for the next three years. All but 15 of our students were married and had brought their families along to school. Kimpese has always stood for the education of the entire family because in Congo as elsewhere it is only too true that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world. Many expressed their surprise to find that they would all have their own house, and a brick house at that, with cement floor and windows and with raised cement beds that would probably be disdained by one accustomed to sleeping on beauty-rest mattresses, but to these folk they seemed perfectly in keeping with a well-furnished house.

School has now been in session for some days and we are gradually getting into the full swing of another school year. The difficulty this year is th at there has been such a serious change in the white teaching staff. Mr. Anderson of the Swedish Mission

has gone on furlough and Mr. and Mrs. Morrish have been transferred to Wathen, and instead we have Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Stenström and Mr. and Mrs. Arvid Stenström of the Swedish Mission while there has been no replacement on the part of the British Mission.

The greatest change is of course the going of our colleagues, the Morrishes, who have served so many years on the staff. Their transfer came as a shock to us because we had come to consider them as simply belonging here and we know it will be hard to fill the place they have made for themselves among us and among the students. Their going was a great change, too, because Mr. Morrish has been in charge of the Grade School for the students' children in the afternoon, which has at the same time been the practice school for our Normal School students where they have applied the theories of teaching under white supervision. The burden of his going will fall most heavily upon Mrs. Oscar Stenström who has consented to carry on with the afternoon school.

It is a joy to see how quickly the two Stenström couples are taking hold of the work. All four have finished the superior course at the Alliance Française in Paris and the two Mrs. Stenströms are both qualified teachers from the public schools of Sweden. We feel confident they will all make a significant contribution to the work here and are happy to have them as our colleagues.

The enrollment in the Ecole Normale this year is 37, in the Ecole de Pasteurs 26 and in the two-year Bible Course 15, making a total of 78 as compared with 75 last year. Of this total 40 are from the S.M.F. (Swedish Mission), 32 from our own Mission

and 6 from the B.M.S. (British Mission) or approximately 51 percent, 41 percent, and 8 percent, respectively. We are happy to have with us this year two student families from the B.M.S. field in the Upper Congo, the first from that remote section who have braved the long journey and a strange language. We trust they are only a harbinger of many more to come. It's a wonderful experience for our Congo Christians to be together with people of distant tribes and to discover that they are not at all so different from themselves as they and their forefathers have always thought. Our Congo folk have not had much trouble in loving their neighbor as themselves but their great difficulty has been to love those who were not their neighbors. This rubbing shoulders with people of hitherto strange tribes will go far toward breaking down the barriers that have kept the tribes apart and help them to enlarge their concept of "neighbor" to include even those whom their fathers considered as enemies. Would that all white nations would be as apt pupils in this respect as our black brothers prove themselves to be.

As an end to our jottings we cannot help sending a greeting to Tata and Mama Moon who labored here so many years and in so large a measure helped to make Kimpese what it is. We are glad they have lived to see the fruition of their devoted efforts and pray that Kimpese may make an ever-increasing contribution toward a truly CHRISTian civilization in Congo.

Martin S. Engwall

We love him, because he first loved us.

A GUEST

Through two miles of sand and dust we arrive at high noon for refreshment and rest. If we could only sneak into the house, but no! From under the palms advances a smiling face..... "Oh, of course we remember now, you were in school at —— . My, how you have changed; how is X and Y and Z?"

"All this is your luggage?" ..... "You are here to find a job as clerk!" ..... "You do not know a soul!" Well, "O, Nganga, you two boys in that room push over and let him in for a few days".

"You must go over to the Commissaire of Police at Leopoldville-Est and sign in tomorrow without fail. You then hunt up the bureau in the native city for your photograph. Then you go around with your book from bureau to bureau asking for work." ..... You do not know these places? Well, you can ask. Other people walk twice a day and you will have time."

Three days later: "They won't give me work." "Why?" "They say that my book is not in order." "Have you your photograph?" "No. I went there and they told me to find work first." "Did you go to the Commissaire?" "Yes." "Where?" "Here in Leopoldville-Ouest. He gave me a little ticket." "Well, be here at 9 o'clock and I'll come back from Belge and go with you to see him."

Commissaire: "But his book is marked 'indéterminé'. He must have told his administrator that he was simply going for a visit."

"Well, we'll send your book back registered and I suppose during the three weeks wait that the two boys won't mind too much." ... . "No, we haven't any

clerical work for you to do which we can spare the time to show you" (and then do over afterwards). (There are plenty of other kinds of work such as raking leaves or sawing that tree, which you watch with interest from your easy chair, to get a of bit lumber.)

Another three days, by letter: "If you please, what am I going to eat while I'm waiting for my book?" "Here are five francs." Three days later, by letter: "The money is all gone". Give him five francs more.

Voice of Mr. Watkins, mission treasurer: "Here, what is this, a bill from H.C.B. transport for boat passage for one M——B——. What a nerve. He represented that he was making this voyage for the mission and got a reduction and let the bill come to us."..... "Well, M——, what about this?" .... "Oh, captain did not know and what do do with bill?" "You go to Mr. Watkins and straighten this up, he says that you can be sent to prison for this." Bill is promptly paid and 15 francs are produced to buy a lantern at auction of goods of a missionary who is not coming back. Did she get sick due to things of this sort?

Day or so later: "Can't I come in the house and type while you are gone? I can't sit and do nothing." Week later, from wife: "Elmer, you must send the typewriter to Kinshasa as screw is lost and roller button comes off." Night after night, the minute our house boys go, footsteps on the stairs and a knock. Some request or some question. Days follow, more letters, more five francs.

House next door: "Is this stranger going to take up so much room in my wash boy's house for long?" "Sorry, didn't know he had gone in there. I told

him differently."

Then arrives the happy day of the return of the tax book properly signed "définitif". Two days later: "White man at Sedec says that he wants to see a letter in English about me." We are trying desperately to be French and not English, but what can we do! I write a letter saying that fellow missionary in bush sends note with boy stating his faithful service as village and station teacher from such a date to such a date, and that he hopes to find work as a clerk. Perhaps there is an opening. If I write more than that no future recommendation for boys with whom I have worked for four years here in school will be of value.

Later, a note saying sorry but no opening. "He says he has no job for you. Too bad. Go to other bureaus." "Pardon, Tata, while I was in line some one stole my school certificate, write me another one." ..... "Don't seal it in envelope." Crabs it. "What's this?- - - 'Le porteur de la présente ——'. That's no good. I'm not a porteur. They won't read that well. "But that is only French form for recommendations." "But no!"

In anger, " It is finished. You have treated me badly. You will not see me again." We can't help rejoicing greatly.

Moral: Work in a center has its special ennui. Happily there are other visitors who have learned a sense of fitness of things. But many parallels of the recent make us on glimpsing the trace of a taxi turning into our driveway, feel like running screaming to the river.

Elmer Hall

BANZA MANTEKE NEWS

Every member of the Banza Manteke staff attended the Diamond Jubilee Conferences which were held in Leopoldville in June, so for about three weeks the station was without missionaries. The natives who were left in charge were faithful to their trust and cared for the station services, mission property and at least some of the work of the station. "Polly" the parrot and "Sambo" the monkey evidently experienced a bit of loneliness and were glad to see us back.

Following the Conferences an institute for teachers and preachers was held on the station. This lasted for two weeks and was under the direction of Miss Bonar who had in addition to the members of the staff the assistance of Dr. Mabie and Mr. and Mrs. Engwall of Kimpese. The institute was well attended and the help given seemed to be greatly appreciated.

Every member of the staff shared in the itinerating which followed immediately, and as a result some members of the staff were present and took part in all the twelve special meetings which were held over week ends in different sections of the field. Travel was by foot, hammock, push-push, motor car, motor boat and by train. We were pleased to have in some of the meetings the presence and help of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. Mabie of Kimpese and of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins of Leopoldville. Miss Tice spent considerable time in visiting villages in the interests of the medical work.

The station boarding school work was resumed early in September. No new boys were admitted this

year and the work of the first year in the station school has been added to that of the district school. However, we have an enrollment of 168 boys and 53 girls which are more than we will be able to take care of throughout the school year with the money which we now have in hand.

For the third year we are having an epidemic of "flu" or something akin thereto. Missionaries and natives have had it and some have been seriously ill. Fortunately Dr. Freas of Sona Bata came along just at the time and was able to give some help to Miss Tice in taking care of the many patients.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter have done a great work and have endeared themselves to both missionaries and natives and we shall all be sorry to see them go, even though they go to a large and important work. Mrs. Carpenter has had charge of the school for station children while Mr. Carpenter has intalled a hydro-electric plant which adds to the comforts and conveniences of both missionaries and natives. We now have electric lights in church and school buildings as well as in our houses, and some of us have electric refrigerators and are thinking about having radios. Who of the pioneer missionaries ever dreamed of having such conveniences in Congo? Thanks to Mrs. Milton Shirk of Chicago who supplied the money and to Mr. Carpenter who supplied the wisdom, skill and work for the installation. Will we be better missionaries and do a better work because of these things?

Mrs. J.E. Geil

In God there are Grace and Mercy and Peace,
The promised fountain for our relief.

THE FREDERIKSONS' DIARIES
— 1895 —

I TAKE THE BABY HOME: July 8th, baby and I said good-bye to Fred at Boma, to go home on account of serious illness. Mr. Nelson and Fred were left alone on the field. At Palabala, I was stricken with malaria which continued the whole journey, and now and then for the next ten months. One day on board my temperature went up to 106.4. Then the German Doctor reduced it to almost normal by means of ice-packs. It is a great risk to start on a long journey when so ill, with a baby just learning to walk, the constant rolling of the boat, the narrow berths, the noise of engines and the odor from the cargo which was rancid palm kernels taken on board along the coast. There was no stewardess on the "S.S. Edward Bohlen", but a very kind steward, and when my temperature rose so high Mrs. Billington was asked to take my baby from my cabin, so she had mine and her son, under two years. From Antwerp Mrs. Billington went to London. At the hotel I dressed baby and myself, having a temperature of over 103; I ordered a cab and went on board a steamer going to Norway. The North Sea was quiet as a mirror, the first time I had ever seen it like that. The stewardess took full care of baby, as my fever would not go down; but when she told me that she could see the hills of Norway, my native land, I left my bed to look through the porthole at the majestic rocks, and suddenly I felt the fever leave me, just at the sight of "The Hills of Home". Bringing a little sister to my two girls, a new baby for my parents to

love, yes, to brothers and sisters, too, was an event never to be forgotten. Henriette recognized me, which pleased me much, but Elizabeth, the younger one whom I left with mother when ten months old, knew only grandmother, and she was the best mother these lovable girls could have. Elizabeth refused at first to call me mother, but said: "the-lady-who-came-the-other-day". After sometime, however, my darling girlie again crept into my heart, and we were all happy once more.

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A NEW STATION: Fred wrote August 1895: "The mission station, Kindzila, is now an outpost, really a small Christian community, our friends building homes on our former ground. Our new station is Kifwa, the hill where the people used to fight, hence the name, Kifwa (where men die in battle). It is nearer the railway. Tumba, the depot. is four days walk from Kifwa. All of our goods and mail will now come to Tumba. The depot opens in June. The railway will reach Kisantu about Christmas. The land at Kifwa cost thirty-six English pounds. Several hundred fruit trees and bushes have been planted and many beautiful flowers. Our work at Kindzila is going along as usual."

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THE VALUE OF AN AFRICAN'S LIFE: November 27th: "The Ngufu is overflowing its banks, rising fifteen to sixteen feet during a night. It is market today, but only such as can swim can get there. One man risked going over where it was quite deep,

and would surely have drowned if others had not saved him. When he came up, his rescuers demanded two thousand brass rods, $4.40, for their merciful act. No doubt they will make him pay."

—1896—

MATONDO: "New Years Day brought a good many brethren from Kindzila, sixteen of the Christians walked two days to be present and to enjoy two days fellowship with the others, also from Madimba they came. We did the best we could to prepare for them a friendly welcome and to show ourselves as hospitable as we could in Africa. There were five meetings: business, preaching, prayermeetings and a communion service. All of our African Christians, Mr. Nelson and I had very happy fellowship together."

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PALAVERS: "A state officer called. He told us that twenty-three state agents had been killed by their own soldiers. There are constantly palavers, and towns have to be punished. The soldiers are not permitted to fire on women and children, but they can make them prisoners. Even around Banza Manteke troubles are many, and naturally the people are never sure of safety. This hinders God's work."

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TRAGEDY ON THE LOWER RIVER: "One of the smaller steamers was steaming from Matadi to Boma. About one hundred yards from land a tornado caused the water to enter the engine which exploded.

Our Dr. Small and three other white people were drowned, also a number of negroes."

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THE CROCODILE TAKES MANGYALA: "We are building a bridge over the Ngufu, two hundred feet across, because of the high water in the rainy season. May 9th, I saw some people pass by, speaking rather loudly. They told me that Mangyala, one of our school boys, the best, most pleasant and best-loved boy, had just been taken by a crocodile. The school boys are not permitted to go swimming, when the river is high, but the temptation is strong, and the boys are young. Three times the crocodile brought the body to the surface of the water, and then disappeared for good. It is a female crocodile who comes here day after day. She is so agressive. The boy's father came. Sitting all that day and night, gazing down into the deep river, no tears could bring his son back."

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NEWS SUMMARY: "June 4th, the Kifwa village buried two of its chiefs, brothers. The mother had been buried three days before. It was a great and important funeral.

"June 10th, the Governor General came on a visit. He was very pleased to see the place in such good condition. He had heard about my work and so had come to call. He had a doctor and an officer with him, and fifty soldiers."

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FIRE DESTROYS A HOUSE: "I had just gone to bed one night and was sleeping soundly when a noise woke me up at eleven o'clock. I heard a roaring sound, like a large fire. I opened my eyes and saw a great flame all over the place, outside. I thought that my house was on fire, and ran to the window, and, TO MY GREAT PLEASURE, I saw the boys' house in a blaze and the boys walking up and down, warming themselves. I looked through the door and heard them laugh and enjoy the fun of such a nice fire, without having to gather firewood. I said: 'To my great pleasure' because that was the house I could best do without. My dream of two nights before came true in the fire."

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GOD IS NOT MOCKED: "Ndeva town drove our evangelists out with knives and guns. Oct. 25th, Ndiamosi went to this village to preach, but the people ran at him to tie him up. Lumpoto, the ringleader, threatened to 'kill some one down at the station', but was not permitted to do so. An hour after his threat, he went down to Nkisi River to fish and then went in with two men to bathe, when he was taken by a crocodile. This made a great impression on the people around us, saying that 'God will not be mocked.'

"Dec. 1st, I left for Tumba to meet my wife and Mrs. Billington."

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BACK TO CONGO: Oct. 30, 1886, I left my three sweet girls with the nicest people on earth, but we are human and our hearts were torn again, yet, "We

can do all things through Christ, who loves us". Mr. Ch. Harvey, Mrs. A. Billington and I went to Antwerp and took the "S.S. Leopoldville" for Matadi. Many Italians were going out for the railway and the boat was loaded with material for it. For the first time we had a stewardess right to Matadi and we appreciated it. We enjoyed the daily Bible hour with Rev. Canon Hobson and his niece Miss Catcart. We had the usual stormy weather in the Bay of Biscay, and it took forty hours to pass through it. In clear weather one can see steamers at a distance of nine miles, and land 30 to 70 miles. Close to Serra Leone we sighted the inspiring Southern Cross.

Nov. 29th, we reached Boma. The bow of the "S.S. Matadi" which blew up when the engine exploded, shown above the water. It was in the cabin of this boat that the remains of Rev. and Mrs. Harvey, Seventh-Day Adventists, were still enclosed. It had been impossible for divers to break the doors open.

Dec. 1st, we reached Matadi. Mr. Bain came in a boat and took us ashore. Mrs. Bain was our kind hostess.

Dec. 4th, Mrs. Billington and I boarded the Congo train for the first time. It only went as far as Tumba. The car had wooden chairs with a board across the backs. There were sixteen windows, without glass, from the top of the car down to the chairs. There were also curtains. The smoke and cinders from the wood fire in the engine disturbed and threatened us, and our clothes. There was one passenger car and one for goods. Our tickets were bougnt two days before the departure, but when we arrived at the train, we were told that we could not go that day because ten of the state agents had to go to Tumba

and the missionaries must postpone their journey until the next train, which would leave three days hence. Mr. Bain demanded that we be permitted to go on the train, and so we departed. We evidently should have had the first class car which had better chairs, tables and lamps, but were placed in a second-class car. Our pink tickets were 2½ by 1½ inches in size. On this tiny ticket was very important information as to our duty: "Matadi-Tumba, First Class. Twenty-three francs and fifty centimes. This ticket is personal. It cannot be sold nor transferred and must be presented at the demand of each agent of the train". We were not bothered at all by any conductor, and gave our tickets to the man at Tumba. We ate lunch on our laps. There were sixteen seats, but before we reached Tumba we were twenty-two passengers. Twice the engine derailed and it took a short hour to lift it back onto the tracks by means of an apparatus. Twice some one lost his helmet; the train stopped, the conductor jumped off, picked the hat up and we were off again. The same happened when a steamer chair fell off; a most obliging negro conductor was he. A heavy rainstorm poured in through the open windows, consequently all passengers moved to the other side. Our goods were black from soot and wet from rain. The sun set, as usual, at six o'clock and soon it was pitch dark and no lights. One passenger found he had a piece of a candle, and we enjoyed it's light, while it lasted. Then I slept and woke up hearing Mr. Thomas Hill calling my name. It was eleven o'clock and we had arrived at Tumba. We had left Matadi at 7 A.M. and it took sixteen hours to cover a distance of 188

kilometres. Monday, my good husband came to meet us. He looked well and we thanked God that he had spared my life to come back again to share in the beloved worked. After four days fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. Hill and other missionaries, we left on the ninth with Mrs. Billington, following the railway line. We crossed five unfinished bridges. One had sleepers of steel because of termites, and the tracks lay on wooden logs, but one bridge had only sleepers made of oak, as the company in Belgium could not make those of steel fast enough to supply the Congo railway. There was at least one meter open space between each sleeper. On one bridge I counted eighty sleepers and we had to cross over these with a firm mind and a stiff upperlip ; we dared not look down into the fast flowing waters, knowing there were crocodiles there.

Dec. 12th, we reached our new station, Kifwa, which Fred had made beautiful with flowers and trees, and entered our cozy old home from Kindzila, rebuilt there. Mrs. Billington left the following day with carriers, to go by hammock to Stanley Pool, where here husband was waiting to take her in the "S.S. Henry Reed" to their home at Tshumbiri.

M.M. Frederickson

MATONDO IN THE CITY

Matondo is a week-end of special features for the native church with visiting white people and outside native speakers. This year we were at a loss as to what could be done of a special nature. The native church was behind financially so could not pay for speak-

ers coming from a distance. Two from the B.M.S., Leopoldville-Est were asked. Any elaborate program seemed impossible.

But for some time we had been wondering why some of the old English moral tales could not be used by the natives. I took the few boys of our upper class in school and told them in Lingala all I could remember of "King Midas". I said, "Don't you see how this teaching is so apt here in the city where so many have the idea that the putting of the desire for money in first place will not harm them?" Then I said to the small boy in the class, "How would you like to be the King's daughter? I'll teach you to jump rope and you can sit down and write up your own lines, or don't write anything, just figure out what you ought to say as a little girl to this particular father. And, you, how would you like to be the stranger, who is really Satan in disguise?" etc.

"To help you in figuring out what you ought to say, and when, let us set down on the blackboard what you remember of the story I have told you. Then we will go to the platform and place our table and other materials and go through what we have written on the blackboard. Thus you will see what is appropriate for you to say in each place." This accomplished, each boy worked out his own speeches. The costumes we decided would be any but our present time, in order to hint that it was an allegory.

The play as we worked it out, developing with each practice, was as follows: The stage is prepared with table and chair to right of audience. To rear and left a garden is represented, several potted plants with multi-colored paper flowers plus some small branches.

A door opens on to rear stage from each side.

Door at right opens and a chamberlain enters, stretching and making remarks that he has just gotten up and must now hurry to see if the garden is prepared for the daily promenade of the King. To give a light touch for sake of interest, he can find that the gardeners have left something in the path which he must hurriedly gather up and throw away through left door. All in readiness, he goes to right and awaits King who comes in and greets him, and chamberlain goes out.

King takes leisurely stroll from flower to flower, making remarks showing his delight in the garden. One flower placed in front center, especially brilliant, came out in the night. He must save the seed of this. At this points child comes jumping in, making several turns and then up to father. He kisses her, points out new flower and sends her off playing as he remembers that he must go now to his counting room. (chair and table).

But on the way a noise is heard and in break two with a dispute. The King, loving justice, takes time out to settle this and they go away satisfied, crying out what a just man he is. This for us happened to be very funny and very well acted, getting the whole crowd in a very receptive mood. (Any native palaver capable of being settled by a wise man to the satisfaction of both parties.) The part of one or other of the disputants forgetting himself in the heat of accusation and then upon remonstrance of the King coming quickly to a profound bow, proved to be killingly funny.

Now the King sits down at table and calls for

chamberlain who sends for money boxes. The antics of the carriers due to the extreme weight of the boxes can be as amusing as you permit, and at least very convincing. King sends all away and counts money, taking out francs from box on table, making appropriate remarks, showing how idea is growing on him that he hasn't enough purchasing power, etc.

Unseen to King a stranger enters, admires silently the garden and finally comes up to the point where he can watch the counting. King looks up startled, demanding who he is. Stranger tells him he comes from afar, and of meeting two in the way who were relating the justice of the King who had taken time out to settle their affair. Also he came across a little girl playing who said her father was a very, very good man. Stranger said he wanted to see a man like this, and coming on beautiful garden was convinced that he was truly a happy man who had everything he wanted. "You have, haven't you", he softly inquires. King is taken aback, hesitates, then it comes out; yes, justice and love and garden were nice, but his desire that everything he touched turn to gold is expressed.

Stranger says, "O, that is easy". (I cannot give all the details but this shows how we worked it up.) This gift is to be his the next morning. Stranger goes, chamberlain reminds King it is time to eat. (Here a hymn may well be sung by audience.)

Next morning everything is repeated exactly to point where King arrives at new flower. Here is the first time that he touches anything with his hand. He recalls this flower, touches it and essays to smell it, a peculiar alarming look comes over his face.

(Right here lights were snapped off, it was Saturday night, quickly a flower made of gold paper was substituted. Lights on.) Here is the gold flower stiff, with no smell, and this reminds him of the promise so he goes quickly to counting house to see if this will hold good for money. Francs wrapped in gold foil now come out of box and he is greatly delighted. (Here you can have or not: on way to counting house he has no time now to settle disputes.)

On comes girl, not finding father in garden she goes to counting house. Father moves over to her and kisses her. (Lights out, a gold masque slipped on head.) King tries to bend arm. Child like metal. Calls in desperation for chamberlain. Chamberlain calls for money box bearers. They are all horrified, but make the suggestion that since she is now gold they had better carry her off and put her in the treasure house. Off they go with stiff form while King calls out for Stranger.

Stranger comes on dressed as before but with witchdoctor's mask. He goes to gold flower and over to gold coin saying, "Umhum, you must be very happy now". This is a very clever scene, the stranger gloats and reminds King that the gift was given free except for the proviso that it couldn't be given back. He goes off laughing while King laments and calls on all sides for help. Who can help?

Off go lights. A choir in white enters from back, each with burning candle, singing Luther's hymn. (Remember! Luther threw an ink pot at the devil!) The King is in center of stage, choir by twos advance through audience, separate and form two circles around him, going in opposite directions, holding

candles high and continuing singing. We must say that the effect, especially with this hymn and its breath of the middle ages, was a bit uncanny yet inspiring; the idea: that all the forces of good had come in answer to his call.

With the humming of the last note a break is made in front, the circles pulling back, revealing stupified King in center. He asks who they are. A member of choir says, "Didn't you call out for help? We are helpers of any one in need. What is the trouble?" He recounts plaintively how his desire had brought him to this pass. And how the devil had said there was no hope for him. "But listen", a voice from choir says "and our song will direct you." Choir sings, all addressing pleadingly the King: "Come to the Saviour". Third verse one steps out and makes direct appeal to him while rest hum.

King says that he has heard well and will they teach him how to come. Native pastor, in choir, gives in four minutes an evangelistic appeal, showing the way to one who has given self up to evil desires—directed to King, but equally an explanation of teaching of play and a sermon to audience. King asks them to pray for him. One in choir prays, tying up idea of songs and preaching.

Choir then moves off and back through audience, their candles providing the light for audience to stand and join them in "Marching to Zion". Light goes on stage showing King again, who says he believes. He marches off and through exit door we hear his exclamation of joy, "My child, my child, no longer gold".

Thus we had our special feature for Matondo, everyone seeming to enjoy and understand the lesson.

Sunday morning as a result of many periods of questioning of enquirers here and at military camp we had 20 for baptism, including 6 from our village of Ngombe. To our ideal baptismal stream marched a goodly crowd. Four little boys, ages 11 and 12, sang a song in two parts. A growth of trees forms a distinct cross at background and I never fail to point this out and its significance before coming out of the water.

At 8 o'clock church packed, two speakers in separate languages do well. Communion at 9:45, 212 actually partook. At 2:30 two Americans from Commander Gatti's expedition arrive at house and go out to native city, helping us prepare for outdoor meeting in court back of church. B.M.S. girls arrive for their pageant. Band not come at last minute. Program consist of the pageant by the girls, quite colorful, representing the star of hope, etc., which supplants the old heathen practices. Our enlarged junior choir sang very well in 3 parts; male choir of 40 voices sang two numbers also. There was one short speech in Lingala and an introduction of our deacons and deaconesses.

The small group of Portuguese of our part of Leopoldville were invited and finally came. The crowd was quite satisfactory. Besides our regular benches we had planks on small horses made by small school boys out of scraps of lumber.

Thus at 5:30 we felt that a good Matondo had been enjoyed by all. The envelopes for the special offering for the native church work brought in about 1000 francs from the natives themselves.

Elmer Hall

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

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Mr. and Mrs. H.J.Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs.M.S.Engwa
Dr. C.L. Mabie

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs.L.A. Brown
Dr. and Mrs.A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
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NTONDO

Rev.and Mrs.P.C.Metzger
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. Dorothea Witt
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Miss Grace Cooper
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ON FURLOUGH

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